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KENT of California, D. V. STEPHENS of Nebraska, R. W. AUSTIN of Tennessee and THERON ARIN of New York. Senator MOSES E. CLAPP of Minnesota, although a shouting Progressive, appeared among the non-revisers, strange to say. "The complaint has not been with the Constitution," wrote he, "but with the construction of it."

The most unfringed and vehement revisor was DAN V. STEPHENS of Nebraska, a Democrat, who maintained that the Constitution was "archaic" and proposed a long list of amendments. Of course he wanted a convention called—probably right away. Senator POINDEXTER, a representative Bull Moose, thought the country had outgrown the Constitution and that the Federal Government had got out of touch with the people. He proposed amendments liberally, but not so many as DAN STEPHENS, and also called for a convention.

If Congress is truly representative the Constitution is more honored at the national Capitol than any Bull Moose idealist dreamed it was. If Congress, at least the House, is not truly representative, what in the world is to be done about it? Less than one-thirtieth of the membership took the trouble to concern itself about the question of revision, which was the headstone of the corner of the Progressive faith. Evidently Congress believes that the document of the Fathers is not archaic and can be made to respond to new conditions by the methods of amendment prescribed, gradual and deliberate though they are.

In Kansas, where woman now stands at the ballot box the equal of man, the remarkable discovery has been made that women find jury duty irksome and try to evade it. They are just like men after all. There is nothing a man dodges with such cheerful and conscientious mendacity as service on a jury, unless he is impetuous and in sore need of the \$2 a day which the county allows for his display of public spirit.

The average man, employer or employed, loses his nerve and appetite when he gets a jury notice in his mail. He casts around for some ground of exemption, and if that door is closed to him and he has no back door political influence he tries to convince the Judge that his business will go to the sheriffs or that a sordid employer will discharge him if he is not released from attendance at the court, or that his wife is critically ill. A man may have a twinge of conscience when he swears off his taxes, but he glazes over the lie that snatches him from jury duty. The distinction of sitting on a Grand Jury is usually another matter. That gives him a certain social prestige, and his business can wait. Everybody has heard his neighbor rehearse the grievance of being summoned for jury duty perhaps once in ten years, when other men were overlooked.

It must have been with a sort of impish gloat that a news gatherer in Kansas reported to the outer world how "twelve of the most prominent women of Independence, subpoenaed to sit in a jury, were up in arms because this service would interfere with their social duties and preparations for Christmas." Of course these fair sharks were among "the richest women in the State," society arbiters, and leaders in women's federation work, and "prominent in the church." How sympathy wells up for Deputy Sheriff EDWARD WADMAN, who "found it practically impossible to serve subpoenas on six prominent women summoned as jurors in the case of JIM BLUE, to be tried 'for shooting up' an interurban street car." Pompous butlers opened the door to him to say that their mistresses were out of town.

There seems to be no mention of women of humble station being wanted as handmaids of justice. All were wealthy and socially eminent. That implacable Kansas Judge is right, of course; if women have votes they must sit in the jury box like their equal man. But with all their virtues and perfections they are very human, too, when the duties of the citizen chafe an independent spirit. Woman's introduction to jury duty in the States where the battle for the ballot has been gloriously won by a spirited minority will be a theme for the comic poet and the nimble paragrapher, but if the women would learn how to deceive a sophisticated Judge by base and pusillanimous invention let them consult the men.

The science of eugenics, which aims to improve the physical, mental and moral quality of mankind as it has already improved the physical characteristics of plants and animals, has recently entered a novel field in the cultivation and propagation of "benevolent" bacilli. We have been accustomed to read and hear much about malevolent bacilli, which are the bane of our lives because their invasion of the body is the signal for trouble and sorrow. The latest discovery in the prevention and treatment of tuberculosis purports to derive its wonderful efficacy from a tuberculous bacillus that has been carefully trained to be truly good.

Dr. FRIEDRICH FRANZ FRIEDMAN of Berlin has set the medical world guessing about it, and the lay world gaping and longing to obtain the treatment he has devised for this dread malady. In an address before the Berlin Medical Society he called attention to the well known fact that while the pathogenic or disease producing properties of the tubercle bacillus are potent and indestructible in the human body, the curative element technically called antigen is very sensitive and readily destroyed. Hitherto it has been impracticable to destroy the one without removing the other. All preparations like the tuberculin of ROBERT KOCH and its numerous modifications produce more or less reaction,

usually manifested by fever and malaise, when injected under the skin and absorbed.

Dr. FRIEDMAN announces that he has succeeded after many endeavors in cultivating a race of tubercle bacilli which are almost free from the poisonous action but contain the immunizing qualities that would protect persons and the curative properties that would antagonize successfully the existing disease. He claims to have produced this remarkable result by abandoning the conventional guinea pig and rabbit as experimental hosts of the bacillus and using the turtle for this purpose. By selective propagation he has produced a strain of living bacilli that are practically harmless when injected under the skin of the human subject, producing no reaction, fever or malaise and imparting immunity against tuberculosis. He satisfied himself by numerous inoculations of animals of the innocuity of this "benevolent" strain of tubercle bacillus before he injected it into himself. Then he began to treat patients suffering from tuberculosis in the hospitals and clinics of Berlin under the observation of colleagues who were more or less sceptical, because the fate of KOCH'S tuberculin, which at one time had great vogue, was still fresh in their memory.

A thorough investigation of the curative and immunizing properties of this benign species of bacilli is now going on in Germany. It has been so favorable thus far that the discoverer is besieged by commercial interests to transfer the process of production for large sums. The doctor has been studying the behavior of various bacilli when introduced into the living turtle for nearly ten years. If success has crowned his patient endeavor he will be entitled not only to the gratitude of the world but to any emolument that may come to him. Medical men have hitherto generously and unselfishly offered to suffering humanity the products of their mind and body racking investigations with the unhappy result that they are often requited by the public, as we have often demonstrated. If Dr. FRIEDMAN is wary of divulging the process of breeding these innocuous bacilli that promise to be a boon to suffering humanity he is wise, and if he runs counter to the lofty but indefensible altruism of his colleagues and draws upon himself their condemnation for not entrusting the precious process to every manufacturer who expects to exploit the same all sensible persons in and out of the profession will approve his course.

The Greatest. Says our old friend the Hon. JOSEPHUS DANIELS of North Carolina and its Raleigh News and Observer and of the Democratic National Committee, Secretary of War in Mr. BRYAN'S three Administrations and boomed and blessed by proud Tarheelia as the fittest man to be Postmaster-General in Mr. WILSON'S Cabinet: "Mr. BRYAN will make the greatest Secretary of State the country has ever had."

Mr. DANIELS'S tongue was not in his cheek, nor did he wink the other eye. He is an experienced politician, the "uncrowned" boss of the old North State; he is a poet not bereft of critical judgment. He doesn't need to be reminded that the post of Secretary of State has been held by JEFFERSON, MADISON, MONROE, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, HENRY CLAY, DANIEL WEBSTER, MARCY, SEWARD. Does he really think that the Fairview Jefferson, if thrust for the country's sins, the world's amusement and Mr. WILSON'S purgatory or inferno into the State Department, would outshine those illustrious predecessors or any predecessor?

Well, the Hon. JOSEPHUS DANIELS is perfectly straightforward; he is no Byzantine courtier, but he has a meridional imagination. Besides he was hand in glove with Mr. BRYAN for years and is now; and yet in modern times he hymned Mr. WILSON persistently, jubilantly, ecstatically. He has a sense of proportion, in spite of this chronic ingrowing Bryanism. If he can help it he will not be off with the old love because he is on with the new. Without a tremor he would marry oil to vinegar, Exuberant and subtle JOSEPHUS!

A movement for the suppression of advice ought to enlist at least one champion at the Trenton State House. What is this story of a trip of the Jersey National Guard to Washington and Governor WILSON'S inauguration if the Legislature and the Governor will only agree to a trifling appropriation of \$50,000 to pay for their mobilization-Pullmanization? Surely Jeffersonian economy, Jeffersonian aversion to display, are sufficiently well known to soldiers and civilians in the Jerseys. How can a visit to Washington increase the efficiency of that militia? Or does it seek to protect the next President from the screeled and ferocious columns of place hunters?

Out of evil, good.—Headlines. How utterly uneugenic!

Why not serve ex-President CARBON with a subpoena to testify before the Pujio committee? That would save all the costs and bother of deportation and insure his prompt departure from these shores.

Is it the enlightened zeal of the Sixty-second Congress to restrain the liberty of the press that inspires an echo on the Mohawk River? The editor and manager of the Enterprise of St. Johnsville in Montgomery county acknowledges the receipt from a deputy sheriff of this document and veto:

"PLEASE TAKE NOTICE that you have seen fit to publish my name in the St. Johnsville Enterprise and have unjustly attacked my private as well as public matters. 'TAKE FURTHER NOTICE that I hereby forbid you and demand of you that you hereafter refrain from publishing my name in any manner, either in the St. Johnsville Enterprise or in any other paper for which you may act as correspondent, and that after the service of this notice I will hold you strictly responsible.' Dated December 3, 1912. FREDERICK ENGBELHARDT. To LOU D. MACWETHY and To the Tri-County Publishing Company."

Mr. MACWETHY denies that he has ever "knowingly attacked Mr. ENGBELHARDT, either in his public or private matters"; but with that student of contemporary sociology need not concern himself. It is for him to ponder the theory that a man has a right to command editors to keep his name out of the newspapers.

The Sultan of Turkey is plainly eligible to the international order of "Spugs."

WOMAN SUFFRAGE. It Seeks to Remove Only the Man Made Disabilities of Sex.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—A good many thoughts are suggested by reading the letter in THE SUN by Helen Kitchin Johnson. I should like to express a few. Woman suffrage teaching does not aim to "break down the God given barrier of sex difference." It aims to remove the man made, artificial disabilities of sex. It has already educated public opinion to the point of accepting women in all the occupations of men and in all the professions, fitness, and without loss of respect. It remains merely for women to demonstrate their suitability for untried fields of usefulness. I am not arguing for women policemen, because such a calling is no more a man's than a woman's. But if women can prove their worth policemen (doubtful, I should say) the world will withdraw its opposition. Just as it has gradually admitted them to many occupations and professions hitherto monopolized by men, and where they are respected and treated as women.

Generally speaking, all men do regard all women as "essentially different," with "natural tastes and duties that they cannot know," even when modern conditions of life place them side by side in office or work. Rooted prejudice, however, have that a woman is a woman, and something different, is ineradicable. Nothing can possibly destroy it. Yet even a Salvation Army lassie will occasionally be affronted in a saloon by some "low down man whose high ideal of womanhood would limit her sphere strictly to the home."

The times change and the manners. The girl of to-day is just as sweet and wholesome as the girl of fifty years ago. To be sure, she is generally better informed and more progressive, but her essential femininity is unimpaired. When she rides it is true that she does ride astride. The common sense of that was discovered a good many years ago by women of leisure and luxury. Woman suffrage had nothing to do with it. Lots of women and girls do have the bad taste to use too much powder and rouge. This I observe to be particularly so among the leisure classes, who have little to do in life except adorn their persons. It is just a matter of taste and intelligence, however, and it is no more a man's than a woman's duty to stimulate the blush that is gone forever from their youthful faces. Could this be said of any aggregation of "turkey trotting" society women who would consider it immodest and unbecoming to participate in a suffrage parade? No, it could not. It is a proclamation to men that some women want civic rights to balance their civic burdens. But there are no painted faces on the way to Albany. A N. Y. BUSINESS WOMAN. BROOKLYN, December 25.

NEW ENGLAND CHICKEN PIE. Food Memorandum Eaten by Recent Pie of Old Time Character.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: In a Christmas Eve dinner I was with kind friends in New England we received, among many other good things, a mince pie that measured fully up to the highest standard of pie as, in some forms, it is still produced in at least some homes in that favored land in which only the most unimpaired and Grand Old Mother of Pie, we salute thee as, joyously, we eat now this unbragging survival of the mince pie at its best our thoughts wander back, or more accurately speaking, they go straight back, to another sort of pie the mere memory of which soothes us greatly, and the idea of which, or anything approaching it, we have never seen outside thy hallowed precincts, the same being chicken pie.

The chicken pie that we used to have in my younger days in my old New England home was made in a large and deep dish of light yellow crockery with somewhat sloping flaring sides; that dish always came back to me with the pie.

They tell me that chicken pie is sometimes made nowadays with only a top crust; but ours always had a bottom crust as well as a top crust, both very thick and very tender; and I remember that I marvelled, even in those days, how that bottom crust could ever get baked, with the pie all filled with gravy, without getting soggy. But it never did; that thick bottom crust always came out fine and light, with only just enough of the gravy soaked into it to make it rich in spite. And then the top crust—this thick too? Why, that was knobby, fairly knobby, with uplifts everywhere that proclaimed silently pieces of chicken alofting up from below; the pie so full of chicken that it bulged.

And then when they cut the pie! Mm-mm! The chicken all tender, every bit of it; and there was plenty of it, plenty. And then that thick top crust, dry and tender; and you got, to be sure, your proper liberal share of the bottom crust, too, in which you found those places half saturated with that rich gravy, but even such sections never sticky, doughy, but still crumbly; delightfully, happily mingling. And then of this gravy there seemed an end. It belonged to fifty years ago and to soak that flaky thick top crust but enough to soak it as you wished, most heartily. And as to the great pie itself—it seemed a treasure inexhaustible; you could come back and back for it, for all you wanted, and it never ran out, never ran out.

Are such chicken pies still made? OLD NEW ENGLAND. BROOKLYN, December 25.

A RED CHRISTMAS. The Weakness of Man and the Brilliance of Some Travels.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Amid the splendor of the Christmas presents I find myself asking myself, why cannot a man wear a red necktie without being the butt of ridicule or open to the scorn of women and the secret envy of men?

Deep down in the heart of every man lies the secret desire to be a red necktie. It is a matter of fact that the red necktie is a sartorial accessory ill becomes most men, on him it shines with resplendent glory and while not exactly painting the lily at least adorns an attractive personality. With most men this is an obsession, with the remainder it is a matter of indifference.

Surrounded on all sides by Egyptian yellow slippers, Baluchistan brown smoking jackets, many hued Mawla sleeping blankets and other primary and pastel colors expressed in hats, vests and bath robes, to say nothing of the red necktie, the red necktie revels in the possession of three brilliant neckties, redundant with sunshine, one of them in particular glowing like the reddest of a red sunset and standing out from a kaleidoscopic background like "northern lights" reflected on the sea of fog.

Replete with the Christmas spirit of glad tidings and great joy these came to me to-day sent by a Spug, which is an intimation or rather a command that they be used. In panting anticipation of a just verdict, I repeat my question, Why not a red necktie? W. B. SELDEN. NEW YORK, December 25.

Military Training as a Check to Youthful Lawlessness.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: The papers have been advancing many schemes for checking the spread of lawlessness among our youth. I would suggest that military training is one of the best ways to check a really effective check. This is most forcibly brought home to us by the splendid achievements of the House of Refuge at Randall's Island through the means of military training.

It will not be possible nor is it necessary for all our young men to join the army, the navy or the police, but they should be encouraged to join one of the other military organizations, such as the Irish Volunteers, the German Schutzverein, the Hebrew American Brigade and several others of various races. They are all much appreciated by the State and the Federal officials, and some time ago General Verbeke came from Albany to review some of them. I feel confident in saying that none of the boys who attend or have attended these military organizations can be found among the criminals or traffickers. N. BERNAR. NEW YORK, December 25.

These Brigadiers. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Speaking of that army of Generals in the Federal service, '81-'85, of whom your correspondent Frederick H. Howard reckons up 2,000 and odd Brigadiers, I am reminded of a certain officer of your own brilliant staff just vice to recall a well travelled war time jet that ran like this: "The other day, in Washington, a man threw a stick at a dog and hit five Brigadier-Generals."

BEAUTIFUL NEW YORK. No European City Possesses Such Grandeur and Majesty.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Dr. Walthar Rathenauer, a German engineer who has been visiting our country, had the right idea when he said that the view of New York city as he sailed up the harbor was one of the most impressive sights he had seen.

It is entirely too common an occurrence for foreigners to speak of New York as an ugly, unattractive city. Such a characterization constitutes a gross libel. I have seen a good part of Europe, and I can frankly and truthfully say that I never saw a city more beautiful than New York. There is a grandeur about skyscrapers grouped together as in New York that is far and away above the petty ideal of beauty that fills the European mind. The individual rocks that go to make up a mountain may be in a large and deep valley, but the mountain itself which rears its head to the heavens fills us with awe. So it is with New York.

Let any one take a boat at the Battery and sail down the bay. As the vessel gets further away the more she shows the tall buildings, New York seems like some fair city of the sea, some eternal city where not one but a hundred Aladdin's palaces charm the beholder with their majestic beauty and suggestion.

In a misty morning, when the New Yorker winds his way to work through the narrow street canyons, the skyscraper buries its head in the clouds like some mighty Atlas of old; in the evening when he returns from his work the skyscraper's lights twinkle brightly above story until the topmost ones mingle with the stars.

The skyscraper is one of the chief attractions of New York; and in New York the skyscraper finds its true home. BORN AND BRED NEW YORKER. NEW YORK, December 25.

"THE LAZIEST MAN." Likewise a Very Mournful Old Ballad of "Timmy, I Sing."

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: The inquiry about the rhyme of "The Laziest Man" awakens memories. There was such a song. It belonged to fifty years ago and was included in a repertory made use of on winter nights on the farm, when neighbors assembled. After the apples, popcorn, mince and pumpkin pie, cider, sweet and hard, there would be sung, generally solo, "Johnnie Sands," "Topsy," "Nellie Was a Lady" and many others, including the then new songs of the war, "Just Before the Battle," "Mother," "In a Prison Cell I Sit," "Soldier's Lament" and perhaps this "Laziest Man." It was a favorite for male voices, baritone or bass, the latter of the chorus. "The Laziest man in all the town," dropping down as far as the voice would go in a kind of melancholy minor. The first verses, recording the exploits of the lazy man in life, rhyme me, but the last three, as I recall, run like this:

At length this man so lazy grew He couldn't draw his breath For troublesome he deemed that too, And so he met his death.

Chorus. No more he wanders up and down, The laziest man in all the town. If it had been the last of him, Chorus. The laziest man in all the town. The strangest part of this strange tale Remains for me to tell.

Chorus. No more he wanders, &c. Instead of leaving him to take His Journey down below, He was so plagued by lazy that He quite refused to go.

Chorus. His ghost still wanders up and down, The laziest man in all the town. Then there were more dire, handshaking, good nights and long walks back home across the fields and through the woods in the snow.

Does any one recall the doggerel of that period in somebody's dire experiences and awful death? Then it went on in part: And out of his grave there grew an oak tree. Him, there grew an oak tree. Oh, it bore the best apples you ever did see. Timmy, I sing, oh, sing, liddle, O day. And when these apples were ripe and beginning to fall.

Chorus. Beginning to fall, There came an old woman and gathered them all. Timmy, I sing, oh, sing, liddle, O day. And when she had gathered them all, Him, gathered them all. Oh, her apron string broke and she let them all fall. Timmy, I sing, oh, sing, liddle, O day. HOMER CORTLANDT. NEW YORK, December 25.

Admiral Clark of the Oregon.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: The Oregon, Oregon, if persistent reports are to be accepted is scheduled to lead the naval procession through the Panama Canal at its formal opening. Much has been said and sung about this vessel, made famous by her record breaking trip to the outbreak of the Spanish war from the mouth of the Columbia River, around South America, to Jupiter Inlet, Fla., ready for immediate action. Much also is said and sung about the Oregon at the sea fight off Santiago, where at least one Spanish warship would have escaped but for the promptness of this American man-of-war.

WILL WORK TO SECURE "HEALTH BOOKKEEPING" Life Insurance Heads Urge Better Registration of Vital Statistics.

The Association of Life Insurance Presidents has decided to make a campaign for laws for the proper registration of vital statistics and their enforcement. The association will cooperate with the United States Census Bureau, which is advocating a standard form of registration.

The association calls the registration of vital statistics "health bookkeeping" and believes that this method of bookkeeping is essential for prolonging the lives of life insurance policyholders. It also feels that more comprehensive and lasting results can be obtained if it were made possible for health authorities to obtain accurate information as to the extent and character of disease and mortality.

The association's health committee has made a report which has been adopted by the association, urging a campaign to secure better vital statistics registration in those States now below the level set by the United States Government. The report is signed by F. W. Jenkins of Birmingham, chairman, and J. R. Clark, Cincinnati; W. F. Dix and Dr. A. S. Knight, New York; J. L. English, Hartford; John K. Gore, Newark, and Edgar S. Scott, Springfield, Ill. The committee says:

"From a layman's as well as from an economic viewpoint the most interesting and important relation existing between the discoveries